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*The Last Year of the War in North Carolina, including
Plymouth, Fort Fisher and Bentonville.*

AN ADDRESS

BEFORE THE

Association Army of Northern Virginia,

DELIVERED IN THE

HALL OF THE HOUSE OF DELEGATES

Richmond, Va., October 28, 1887,

BY

HON. A. M. WADDELL,

Of Wilmington, N. C., formerly Lieutenant-Colonel, &c., C. S. A.

PRINTED BY ORDER OF THE ASSOCIATION.

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Mr. President and Comrades :

At any time, but more especially so soon after the memorable exercises and the soul-stirring oration of yesterday, it would be impossible for any true soldier of the Confederacy to perform the duty with which you have so highly honored me this evening, without experiencing emotions to which it would be happier for him if he were insensible. The flood of memories which it turns loose, let him philosophize as he may, will overwhelm him, and the consciousness that the ranks of his living comrades are daily dwindling does not tend to diminish the power of these emotions.

If he could divest himself of them entirely, and look at that past as he would at any other period of human history—without personal interest and with the calm gaze of a student—this duty would resolve itself into a mere literary exercise ; but, thank God, who has given to each of us a spark of the divine attribute of love, such a passionless regard of that past is impossible, for the pictures it has painted on our memories it has also engraved upon our hearts.

In the years that have passed since the close of our bloody drama, how often in the silent watches of the night, and even in the pursuit of our ordinary avocations, has each of us found himself contemplating those pictures with all the varying emotions which they awaken ! Their lines have grown softer beneath the mellowing touch of Time,

whose healing hand has also closed the wounds that once seemed mortal, but until the last Confederate soldier is mustered out of life they cannot wholly disappear.

Is this sentimentalism? Where, then, shall we look for the sources of real human passions? If the emotions aroused by the tragedies of a long and bloody war, in which all that is dearest on earth to man was believed to be at stake, are sentimentalism, where can we hope to find an adequate source for the noblest passions of the human heart? We believe that in the very nature of things there could have been no such profound and sincere convictions stirring the hearts of our former enemies as those which animated us. The best and truest of them were influenced in their moments of highest inspiration only by that sort of patriotism which takes up arms against the loss of national prestige or territory—and here the territory was a land that most of them had never seen, and one whose civilization they affected to despise—while the less sincere and honorable among them were influenced by mercenary motives or a spirit of revenge.

How different was it with us! No man volunteered to fight for the Confederacy who was not prompted to do so by the most natural and the most powerful incentives that can influence human conduct. Each and every one of them felt that, whether personally responsible for bringing on the dreadful issue or not, in shouldering his gun to meet it, he was defending not only his heritage of liberty, but his home and his property from the lawless hand of an invader, who sought to subjugate them to his will—that he was obeying the first law of nature, and was therefore justified in the sight of God and man.

Whether or not the result justified these apprehensions for many years after the war, and whether the change of policy was finally effected more by self-interest than from higher motives, it would be unprofitable to discuss. We are now a great, consolidated nation of more or less loving brethren, moving on one path to a common destiny, and the statesmanship of the present day is teaching us new lessons in the science of government. Only last month we learned from a great Senator, who came out of the breezy West, that Thomas Jefferson “borrowed his ideas of the social contract from Rousseau and the French philosophers,” that “his dreamy imagination was captivated by their vague phrases and imperfect generalizations,” that “he had no conception of the moral forces which give a nation strength, duration and grandeur,” and that “he failed to comprehend

the supreme obligation of law as the bond which unites society." The same great Senator, to be sure, had already apotheosized John Brown, whose soul, they say, is marching somewhere, but any embarrassment which that fact might suggest to his present argument could only arise in a disloyal mind, and is, therefore, unworthy of consideration. The Jeffersonian maxim that just governments derive their powers from the consent of the governed is, in the eyes of this great Senator from the West, one of those vague phrases and imperfect generalizations by which the "dreamy imagination" of the father of modern Democracy was captivated; whereas the truth, according to the same authority, is that all governments rest "not upon consent, but upon force."

The South, he says, tried the theory that governments rest on consent and was logical in doing so, but Grant's guns "refuted their fatal syllogism."

"The rule of the majority is still the rule of the strongest," exultingly exclaims this great man.

Alas! what answer can be made to this argument of numbers, this simplification of the science of government into

"The good old rule, the simple plan
That he may take who hath the power,
And he may keep who can?"

Should any one be so silly as to suggest any such "vague phrase" or "imperfect generalization" as those contained in the Constitution of the United States, or the Bill of Rights, or to intimate that States, or minorities of the people have any rights which the majority are bound to respect; or that there is any limitation upon their power—if he suggested this it would only be evidence that, like Jefferson, "he had no conception of the *moral* forces which give a nation strength, duration and grandeur"—that "he failed to comprehend the supreme obligation of *law* as the bond which unites society;" and, finally, if he could not see the imbecility of such suggestions, his opponent could bring the artillery to bear on the argument, as Grant did.

Verily, we should rejoice that we have lived to see the true character of our government thus explained and accepted, and the whole duty of citizenship, as well as the aim of successful statesmanship, resolved into the simple process of "going with the crowd." May the crowd go right, henceforth, is at once the prayer and the only hope of the patriot.

THE TASK DIFFICULT.

I could not, perhaps, more forcibly convey to you my sense of the honor conferred by your invitation to perform this duty than by saying, as I do frankly, that if the difficulty of performing it satisfactorily had been as well understood before as after accepting it, the task would have been politely declined. But I realized too late that even our best impulses cannot always be safely followed. Inspired solely by a sentiment of loyalty to my living comrades, and to the memory of those who have "gone before," and without stopping to count the cost, the promise was made. If the performance shall fall short, there is only left to me the consolation of a good motive and the reflection that soldiers will never impute rashness to a comrade for a crime.

The purpose of the "Association of the Army of Northern Virginia," as declared at the time of its organization, was to gather material for a correct history of that Army. The addresses heretofore annually delivered before the Association by distinguished officers and soldiers have so completely supplemented the published record, that one might well despair of adding anything new or valuable to the material now accumulated, unless he had enjoyed especial opportunities of acquiring particular information not generally possessed. It not having been my fortune to be thus situated, prudence would have suggested an escape from the honor tendered to me; but the refusal of any duty connected with the commemoration of Confederate valor is well-nigh impossible with one who wore a gray uniform—unless, mayhap, the continual savor of the flesh-pots has destroyed his appetite for that sort of service—and, therefore only, I am here.

INACCURACIES OF HISTORY.

We are told of one who abandoned a history which he was writing, because, looking out of his window and witnessing an exciting transaction, he immediately afterwards recounted it to a friend who came in, and was astounded at being told by his friend that he was entirely mistaken as to the facts ; that he, himself, was a party to the affair, and that it occurred in a different way altogether. The writer thereupon resolved to destroy his MSS., because, he said, if he could not accurately describe facts which he himself had witnessed, he certainly

could not expect to write a correct account of events which occurred long before he was born.

One of the most distinguished of those who have preceded me in this duty (Colonel Marshall, in 1874), alluding to the danger of undertaking to fight any of the battles of the war "o'er again," said that although, at the time he spoke, sixty years had elapsed since Waterloo, writers were still not agreed as to the facts of that famous battle, and added :

"It is not fourteen years since our war began, and yet who, on either side, of those who took part in it, is bold enough to say that he knows the exact truth, and the whole truth, with reference to any of the great battles in which the armies of the North and South met each other."

He then proceeded to illustrate by pointing out alleged errors in a recently published book by one of the highest military authorities of the Confederacy. In further illustration of his remark, it so happened that the very next annual oration before this Association, delivered by another distinguished gentleman (Major John W. Daniel, in 1875), and evidently prepared with the utmost care from official reports, and with every desire to be accurate, contained statements in regard to Pettigrew's division in the splendid charge at Gettysburg, which, long before the delivery of the address (and, indeed, as early as July 30th, 1863), had been vigorously denied, which have since been thoroughly disproved by an overwhelming array of testimony, and which must now be regarded as erroneous by any candid inquirer after the truth who shall read the evidence. If any fact is proven to be true, it is that the North Carolina brigade and Archer's brigade of that division went as far and staid as long as any other soldiers in the charge. If the testimony of the living was insufficient, the dead bodies of their comrades who fell inside the enemy's lines spake through the poor dumb lips of a hundred gaping wounds the inexorable truth. I do not intend to discuss that matter, although of all times and places this would be perhaps the most appropriate for it. Such a discussion could not by any possibility affect the merited fame of Pickett's men, while it would do justice to those whose reputation ought to be as dear to this Association as that of any whose fame it has in its keeping. The gallant soldier and gifted orator to whom I refer, corrected his statement as to Trimble's division, and doubtless if he had known the facts would have done so cheerfully, as to Pettigrew's also.

These facts were vouched for by commanding officers of the brigades of that division, and by scores of staff, regimental and company officers of as high character and approved courage as any in the army.*

There was no room for them to be mistaken as to the facts, as there was for those looking on at a distance, and, therefore, unless they wilfully misrepresent, they and their men have long been the victims of injustice.

The limits of this address, which is upon another theme, will preclude any further discussion of this interesting and important subject, which only serves to illustrate how the man looking through the window at a transaction, and honestly attempting to give a true account of it, can be flatly contradicted by the testimony of those immediately concerned in it.

A great English authority, Mr. Froude, has said :

"It often seems to me as if history was like a child's box of letters with which we can spell any word we please. We have only to select such letters as we want, arrange them as we like, and say nothing about those which do not suit our purpose."

That, of course, would be dishonest history, but even where, as in the matter to which I have alluded, there is a sincere desire to state the facts truly and just as they occurred, the narrative is very liable to contain grave errors.

LAST YEAR OF THE WAR IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Supposing that the service of any part of the Army of Northern Virginia anywhere would be an appropriate subject, and being unwilling to attempt to go over any part of the ground heretofore so elaborately discussed before you (viz : the campaigns and battles north of and within the territory of Virginia), it is my purpose to give a general and, of course, a condensed account of the military operations during the last year of the war—from April, 1864 to April, 1865—in North Carolina, in all of which operations detachments of the Army of Northern Virginia participated, and some of which were closely connected with its fate.

In 1862, after the fall of Roanoke Island, which was probably an untenable position from the first, and the loss of Newbern, which was tenable and ought never to have been left with such utterly inadequate

* See Moore's History of North Carolina, pages 200-235, Volume II.

defence, the whole North Carolina coast, with the sounds and rivers, from below Beaufort to the Virginia line, was in possession of the enemy, and the back door to Norfolk harbor, through which all the immense supplies of one of the richest regions of the Confederacy could be poured, was open to them and so remained during the war. Raids and skirmishes in that region frequently occurred, but no foothold was ever secured by the Confederates in any part of it until the spring of 1864, when Hoke captured Plymouth. Just previous to this, in the latter part of January, General Pickett with five brigades had been sent from Virginia by General Lee to assault and capture Newbern, where there was a garrison of about two thousand men under General Peck, but, for some reason as yet unknown to me, the troops, after getting in sight of the town, were withdrawn and the enterprise was abandoned.

THE CAPTURE OF PLYMOUTH.

In April, 1864, General Lee, recognizing the importance of recovering possession of the Roanoke region of North Carolina as a source of supplies, sent three brigades—Hoke's, commanded by Colonel Mercer, Kemper's, commanded by General Terry, and Ransom's—with some cavalry and artillery, commanded by General Dearing, in all about forty-eight hundred troops, under command of Hoke as senior brigadier, to attack the town of Plymouth, on the southern bank of Roanoke river, and about eight miles from its mouth. This place, which had been in possession of the enemy for about two years, was very strongly fortified by a series of forts on three sides, connected by a heavy line of entrenchments, with the river on the fourth side, where were stationed four gunboats carrying heavy guns. Accompanying this force down the river, which, fortunately at that time, was swollen by an unprecedented and long wished-for freshet, was the Confederate iron-clad Albemarle, which was built under the direction of and was commanded by Captain James W. Cook, of North Carolina, a gallant officer of the navy. This vessel stands alone in the history of naval architecture. She was the only vessel of war—and a very formidable one, too—ever seen in the world whose keel was laid in a corn row on a river bank, and which started, without an experimental trip, to attack a superior naval force and a fortified town, and had hove in sight of the enemy before she was completed and while the workmen were hammering on her unfinished

armor. It is also a fact that Captain Cook had a crew who were almost wholly inexperienced, and that his time while descending the river was taken up in the double duty, simultaneously performed, of superintending the workmen who were employed in armoring the ship and in drilling his "green" crew at the guns. In the same breath, almost, he would address the one gang with an order to drive a bolt and the other with a command to "sponge" or "fire," and in this way he was employed up to the last moment before engaging the enemy. Alluding to the Albemarle, General Wessells, the commanding officer at Plymouth, in his official report of the fight, says:

"It was the design of Captain Flusser to fight this formidable antagonist in the river with his own boat, lashed to the Southfield, running into close quarters, whilst the Whitehead was to use every effort to disable her propeller, and great confidence was felt as to the result of this plan."

The latter part of the plan failed, as will be seen, while the first part ended in disaster.

Hoke arrived before Plymouth on the 17th of April and began to make his dispositions for the attack during the afternoon, having skirmished with and driven in the outposts. The garrison of Plymouth, thus fortified, was, as compared with the attacking force, a strong one. It consisted of the Sixteenth Connecticut, Eighty-fifth New York, One-Hundred-and-First Pennsylvania, One-Hundred-and-Third Pennsylvania, and two companies of infantry, two companies of cavalry and two companies of heavy artillery, making about thirty-five hundred troops in all. Brigadier-General H. W. Wessells was in command, and the garrison was very confident of its ability to defend the place successfully.

On the afternoon of the 18th, after some severe artillery firing and some heavy skirmishing, Colonel Mercer, commanding Hoke's brigade, assaulted and carried a work called "Eighty-fifth Redoubt," but was killed in the assault. "A demand was then made for the surrender of the town, which was declined," says General Wessells. The next morning, before daylight, the Albemarle passed the forts above the town unharmed by the 200-pound gun in Battery Worth; and as she approached the town, Captain Cook, seeing the Miami and Southfield, lashed together and covered with heavy chains, approaching with the evident design of running down his ship, put on every pound of steam she would carry, and rushing with the current, bow on, to the Southfield, sunk her almost imme-

dately, and then turning on the Miami engaged her and drove her off, after her gallant commander, Flusser, had been killed by the rebounding fragment of a shell which he himself had fired, and while he still held the lanyard in his hand.

Having now got below the town, Captain Cook began to co-operate with the field batteries of Hoke in shelling the forts and intrenchments, to the very great demoralization of the garrison, although no serious damage was done.

Skirmishing was kept up all day along the entire west and south front of the town by Mercer's and Terry's brigades, and about dark one of Ransom's men (named Conover) having volunteered to swim across Coneby creek below the town to capture a boat by which small detachments could be sent across to drive away the outpost there, and this having succeeded, Ransom laid down a pontoon and crossed his troops over the creek, thus securing a position on the enemy's left. His command was composed of the Twenty-fourth, Twenty-fifth, Thirty-fifth and Fifty-sixth regiments of his own brigade, with the Eighth regiment of Clingman's brigade, and Pegram's, Blount's, and the Montgomery Blues' batteries, under the immediate command of Major J. R. Branch. There he formed line of battle, and remained until day dawn of the next day (20th), when—the enemy having in the meantime prepared to receive him—he made the assault on the line of works. The part of the line attacked by Ransom was where the enemy least expected an assault, as Hoke kept making feints until he had got Ransom in position, but they discovered the threatened danger in time to meet it. The ground was an open plain, more than a quarter of a mile wide, and Ransom, mounted, led his men over it at a double-quick, and under a very severe fire, up to and beyond the lines, driving the enemy before him. General Ransom received many encomiums upon his gallant conduct in leading the charge. It was done in splendid style, and with a dash unsurpassed during the war. But it was a costly enterprise in the loss of life. The official figures, if ever made, have not been accessible to me; but the loss here, and in the continued charge against a line that had been formed inside and in rear of the breastworks, has never been estimated at less than four hundred, and is put down by General Wessells, upon information furnished by medical officers left in Plymouth, at not less than eight hundred and fifty.

General Hoke now demanded a surrender, as the enemy had taken refuge in their last stronghold, Fort Williams—an enclosed work in

the centre of the line, sometimes called the Star Fort—which being refused, Hoke opened a heavy artillery fire on it, and in a short while the white flag was run up, and the garrison of Plymouth, with an immense quantity of supplies of all kinds, was surrendered.

General Hoke received a very gratifying telegram from President Davis announcing his promotion to the rank of Major-General, to date from the capture of Plymouth.

After the capture of Plymouth, on the 5th of May, the Albemarle went down into the Sound and won immortality by fighting for four hours with eight ships, some of which carried 100-pound Parrott guns, until the muzzle of one of her two guns was shot away, and her smoke-stack was so riddled that she couldn't make steam. Then, after inflicting great damage on the enemy, she got back safely to Plymouth again.

The possession of Plymouth and the Roanoke river was thus transferred to the Confederates, and was held by them as long as Captain Cook was retained in command of the Albemarle. Soon after his removal (which was one of the mistakes of the Secretary of the Navy) that vessel, the only protection to the town against the Sound fleet, was blown up at night by the daring Lieutenant Cushing, of the United States Navy, who put a torpedo under her, and the town was soon thereafter occupied by the enemy.

There were no military operations of any importance in North Carolina after the fall of Plymouth until the winter of 1864, when the first expedition against Fort Fisher was organized. There were no troops in the State, except the garrisons at the forts on the Cape Fear and some detached companies guarding prisoners in the west and doing picket duty in the eastern counties.

FORT FISHER.

From the beginning of the war Wilmington had been the chief, and for the last two years the only Confederate port to and from which blockade runners could ply with any degree of safety. North Carolina took advantage of this fact to buy and run a fast steamer, whereby she was enabled to keep her soldiers better clothed and better supplied with shoes, blankets and medicines than the soldiers of any of the other States of the Confederacy. It had long been a matter of surprise that a vigorous attempt to capture the place had not been made by the United States Government. It was regarded as only a question of time when such an attempt would be made,

but a very general opinion prevailed that when made it would be by landing a force on the coast above or opposite to Wilmington, and not by attacking the forts below at New Inlet and the mouth of the river.

At last, in the beginning of the winter of 1864, the rumor of an intended expedition against these forts became current, and attention began to be directed to them. Sherman had reached the sea near Savannah on the 13th December, Hardee had evacuated Savannah on the 20th, and on the 21st Sherman had taken possession of that city. Before he started on his track of desolation through the Carolinas, the first expedition against Fort Fisher started, by direction of General Grant, who, notwithstanding the enormous disparity of numbers between his army and General Lee's, was unwilling to risk detaching any of his force for the expedition until active operations in front of Petersburg had been suspended. Then, in co-operation with the navy, it was undertaken.

Fort Fisher, which, by reason of having sustained the most terrific bombardment that has ever occurred in the history of the world, has become an historic spot, was situate (it no longer exists) at Federal Point, where the Cape Fear river, breaking through the narrow peninsula between it and the sea, formed New Inlet. As there is no longer any fort there, so also there is no longer any inlet, the Government having closed it by what the late General Humphreys, Chief of Engineers, United States Army, told me was the greatest piece of engineering on this continent. The stone wall which now shuts out the sea is a mile and one-eighth in length.

It is unnecessary to give more than a general description of the fort, whose confused mass of sand hills has long been a dreary solitude, over which the sea breeze sweeps, and in front of whose ruins the surf breaks in long lines of foam. It had a land-front of six hundred and eighty-two yards, and a sea-face of one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight yards,* both of which had heavy parapets intersected by great traverses. A palisade ran about fifty feet in front of the land face, and a line of sub-terra torpedoes lay about two hundred yards in front of it, connected with the fort by wires. It was built, and was commanded by Colonel William Lamb, of Norfolk, Virginia, under the general supervision of General Whiting, commanding the district.

* Colonel Lamb's report.

Tuesday, December 20th, the day that Hardee evacuated Savannah, Admiral Porter's fleet of fifty ships, with three monitors, began to gather off New Inlet. On the night of the 23d, Butler's powder-ship, an old worn-out propeller, called the Louisiana, with two hundred and fifteen tons of powder in her, was towed in to within about one thousand two hundred yards of the fort and exploded, with the expectation of destroying this enormous earthwork (a mile in extent), and "paralyzing" the garrison, so that troops could afterwards march in and take possession. It was claimed, on behalf of Butler, that the powder-ship was prematurely exploded in his absence, and that if he had been there with his troops he might have assaulted next morning successfully.

The next morning (24th) the fleet stood in, the Ironsides leading, and commenced the most terrific bombardment—except that which occurred three weeks later—that has ever occurred.

"Such a torrent of missiles was falling into and bursting over it (the fort)," says Admiral Porter, "that it was impossible for any human being to stand it." The shower of shell, he says, numbered one hundred and fifteen per minute. All that day and all the next day the atmosphere, for miles around and as far as Wilmington, quivered under the continuous thunder of 15-inch Columbiads, 20-inch Rodmans and 300-pound Parrots, and throughout the infernal uproar, the voice of the guns of Fort Fisher, led by the great Armstrong rifle, recently sent from England as a present, was heard steadily answering the fleet.

The enemy landed two brigades during the afternoon of the 25th, and to cover their landing, the Brooklyn and seventeen gunboats swept the woods in rear of the beach.

During the bombardment, Hoke's division, which had again been sent from Virginia, arrived at "Sugar Loaf," a point three miles above the fort on the river, but they could take no part in daylight, as five hundred guns from the fleet were bearing on the land where they would have had to operate. General Bragg had been assigned to the command of the district, and has been criticized for not assaulting and capturing the enemy's land force at night, when the fleet could not open its fire except with as much risk to friend as foe. He did not attack, and the troops were re-embarked on the 26th. On the 27th, the fleet with the transports withdrew, and Admiral Porter, laughingly, no doubt, transported the hero of the powder-ship back to the haven where he would be, and to the immortality of glory which

he had achieved as the producer of a greater noise than had ever been made by any one man since the world began.

The garrison of Fort Fisher at the time of this first attack, according to the official report of Colonel Lamb, was, on the 24th, 738 men and 140 "Junior Reserves," or 1,371 all told. The casualties in the fort were not great, being three killed and sixty-one wounded, and the damage to the works was not serious. The numbers are thus given solely for the purpose of correcting some terrible mistakes which have been made and published to the world in regard to them.

In President Davis's book, "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," the garrison is placed at 6,500 men. In a letter to Colonel Lamb, since the publication of that book, Mr. Davis says this is probably a typographical error, and that 650 was probably written. It is a very important mistake, because in speaking of the second fight, when Fort Fisher was captured, he says the garrison was about double what it was at the first attack. This would make the garrison at the last attack 13,000, who surrendered to 8,000, whereas the actual number of officers and men surrendered after the garrison had received all the reinforcements, was only 2,083.

There was great relief and much rejoicing over the failure of the expedition, and the belief prevailed that Fort Fisher could successfully resist any assault that could be made upon it. But this faith was of short duration. Unfortunately, a few days after the retirement of the fleet, General Bragg withdrew Hoke's division, and all troops except the regular garrison of the fort and some detached companies at Sugar Loaf, three miles above, for the purpose, it has been said, of attacking the town of Newbern, but if such was the purpose it was never carried into execution, as the troops did not go beyond Wilmington, twenty-two miles distant from the fort.

During the night of the 12th of January, 1865, the fleet, now increased in number to fifty-eight ships, besides the transports and four monitors, reappeared, and early on the morning of the 13th some of them drew in close to shore, at a point about four miles above New Inlet, furiously shelled the woods of the peninsula for some time, and then the disembarkation of the troops began, at a point just above the head of Masonboro Sound.

The disembarkation was completed, and the troops were all landed by three o'clock in the afternoon. There was no opposition to their landing, and General Bragg claimed afterwards that it would have been useless to oppose them. "No human power," he said, "could

have prevented the enemy from landing, covered as he was by a fleet of ships carrying six hundred heavy guns." He may have been right, but his failure to attack them, at least at night after their landing, was certainly a great surprise and disappointment to the garrison of the fort, and to all on the outside of it.

The number of the landing force was about eighty-five hundred. They were commanded by Major-General Alfred H. Terry, and consisted of two divisions (Ames's and Paine's) and one brigade (Abbott's) of infantry and two field batteries. After landing, the column was moved down the beach around the head of the Sound, and continuing the march about a mile, Paine's division of negroes and Abbott's brigade were turned to the right, and crossed the peninsula from the sea to the river. Ames's division passed on about a mile nearer the fort, and formed in a similar line across the narrower part of the peninsula. This was done after nightfall. Of course, both lines set to work diligently to intrench; and when they had comfortably fixed themselves, General Bragg made a reconnaissance only to discover that he could do nothing except "watch and wait," while the enemy leisurely completed all his arrangements for the assault, after thus protecting his rear.

All of the 13th and 14th, the fleet kept up an awful fire on the fort, and especially on the land-face, which was subjected to both a direct front and rear and an enfilading fire of the most terrible intensity.

Every one of the twenty-two heavy guns on this face, except one 10-inch Columbiad, was dismounted; every Napoleon except one was rendered useless; every wire leading to the mines was torn up, and the palisade was knocked into "such a wreck as actually to offer a protection to some of the assailants." Fifty thousand shells were expended by the fleet in this work. General Whiting, who had been quietly superseded in the command at Wilmington by Bragg, and who was a very accomplished and brave officer, went down with his staff to the fort, and, saluting the commanding officer with the words, "Lamb, my boy, I have come to share your fate; you and your garrison are to be sacrificed," went to work assisting and advising, but refused to take command.

Every preparation possible was made to meet the impending assault, but the sharpshooters of Ames's division, under cover of the fleet fire, had worked their way to within one hundred and fifty yards of the parapet, where they kept up an annoying fire from the holes they had dug in the loose sand.

So matters stood when night came on the 14th. During the day application was made by Colonel Lamb for reinforcements, but it was late on the 15th before any came, and only three hundred and fifty of these, from Graham's South Carolina brigade, landed and entered the works just before the assault was made.

Ames's assaulting column consisted of three brigades, commanded by Curtis, Bell and Pennypacker, supported subsequently by Abbott's brigade.

Sunday, the 15th, about 3 P. M., the fleet, which lay in a double crescent, changed its fire from the land-front to the left, and along the sea-face; and then the gigantic Curtis, towering six feet four inches in height, with flowing black beard, sprang up, and leading his brigade in gallant style, followed by the other two brigades, made a rush for the western salient, which was an uninclosed battery. (This brave man, whom I know, was hit seven times, one glancing shot destroying one of his eyes.) About the same time two thousand sailors and marines, under Captain K. R. Breese, assaulted the northeast salient, where they were met by General Whiting and Colonel Lamb with about five hundred men, and after a struggle of half an hour or more were driven off with a loss of about three hundred.

The assault of the two brigades on the left was met by about two hundred and fifty men, the supports ordered there by Colonel Lamb from the reinforcements not having obeyed the order,* and these two hundred and fifty repulsed the assailants twice, but were soon surrounded and overwhelmed by the greatly superior force, who captured several of the traverses before the rest of the available force, about eight hundred men, could confront them.

The brave Whiting, who had helped to meet the naval brigade, now led the counter-assault on the enemy and was shot down. Then commenced a hand-to-hand struggle of the most desperate character on the parapet and over a traverse; and the guns on the "Mound" and at Battery Buchanan being now turned on the enemy, they were checked for a time. At this moment Colonel Lamb, who was in the act of ordering a charge, was also shot down.

This was about 5 o'clock P. M., and the fleet, having effectually performed its awful work, rocked gently on the blue waters in silence, while every eye on board was anxiously directed to the fort. The

* Colonel Lamb's Account, *Southern Historical Society Papers*, August and September, 1882.

fight continued inside the works, and Abbott's brigade was ordered up to assist the assaulting column. Splendid courage was exhibited by the devoted garrison, who fought on against overwhelming numbers for nearly five hours longer.

Strange to say, it was currently reported after the fall of the fort that no resistance had been made, and that the conduct of the garrison had been "disgraceful."^{*} How false this was is proved by the testimony of friend and foe alike. One fact of itself was enough to make the garrison hold out to the bitter end, and that was, that General Lee had written to Colonel Lamb, and he had told his men that it was necessary to hold the fort and keep open the gateway to supply the Army of Northern Virginia with food and clothing from abroad. But the enemy bore willing testimony to the conduct of the garrison.

One officer after saying: "There came a time when, for hours, the battle made no progress either way," added that "the assault at the fort had slackened to a standstill, and the exhausted men were losing heart." The Inspector-General of the Federal forces says: "For the first few minutes, out of every five who gained the parapet three went down, dead or wounded." And again he says: "The two brigades led by Curtis and Pennypacker, then advanced eastward along the land front, carrying each traverse successively against the most desperate opposition, until after two hours' fighting, with heavy loss, their heroic leaders both severely wounded, and one-half the regimental officers disabled, the crossed bayonets and clubbed rifle stopped them at the eighth traverse." "Through the whole evening," he says, "until long after darkness closed in they offered the most stubborn defense. Never did soldiers display more desperate bravery and brilliant valor. With their leaders, Whiting and Lamb, both disabled with wounds, sadly reduced in numbers, well foreseeing the fresh force to be brought against them, under these circumstances they gradually abandoned the fort, and retreated about a mile to the extreme point of the peninsula." Colonel Wainwright, of Delaware, who commanded the Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania Volunteers in the assault, says it was a "fight where assault and defense were never more desperately made since God made men to differ and fight it out in battle," General Terry and Admiral Porter also testify to the bravery of the garrison.

* Governor Graham's letter, "Last Ninety Days of the War," page 115.

It was 10 o'clock at night before the final surrender was made, when two thousand and eighty-three officers and men (including those in the lower parts of the work who were not engaged) were captured, and not nearly six times that number, as has been published to the world.

Colonel Lamb's misfortune was in not having enough men at the western salient to resist the infantry assault, but his explanation of that is that the reinforcement of three hundred and fifty sent by Bragg, whom he ordered there, did not go, and that he and General Whiting, knowing that the northeast salient where the naval brigade assaulted was the key to the works, had used most of the available force in resisting that attack, and while thus engaged, and before they succeeded in driving it back, the enemy had overwhelmed the small force at the sally port and west salient, and had thus effected a lodgment inside the works.

The truth is, that it was impossible for the force in Fort Fisher to prevent the enemy from affecting a lodgment at some point. There were not enough men there to watch and defend every part of that immense work, which fronted about a half mile on the land-face and a mile on the sea-face.

General Hoke, who as a fighting officer had no superior in the army, was compelled to remain idle while all this was going on.

General Bragg, his superior, having permitted the landing of the enemy and the establishment of a double line of intrenchments, behind which stood eight thousand men with artillery, and the approaches to the trenches being commanded by five hundred guns of the fleet, it would have been worse than useless to attack with less than half their number, which was about the strength of Hoke's command.

The fall of Fort Fisher necessitated the abandonment of the works at the mouth of the river, and accordingly on the night of the 16th of January those works were blown up, and the garrisons who had worked so hard to make them formidable sadly turned their faces toward Wilmington and marched up to other points, which they had occupied until Schofield's army, which had landed farther down the coast, began its march to Wilmington. A sharp skirmish occurred between them and Schofield at Town Creek, but of course they were compelled to retire.

Hoke remained in his intrenched camp at Sugar Loaf for nearly a month, until Schofield's column started, and then, flanked by the fleet which had entered the river, and pressed by Terry in the rear,

he retreated up the peninsula through Wilmington towards Goldsboro. The Federals entered Wilmington February 22, 1865.

THE SITUATION.

Sherman was now on his way north, laying the country desolate, and bringing untold misery upon the old men, women, and children who were so unfortunate as to live near the route taken by him.

While he approached the North Carolina line from the south, and Schofield and Terry were moving up from the southeast, General J. D. Cox also, with three divisions of about twenty thousand men, advanced from the east, from Newbern towards Goldsboro, the point toward which the three columns were converging.

By this time General Joseph E. Johnston, who, since his removal from command at Atlanta, was living at Lincolntown, in western North Carolina, was, at General Lee's request, put in command of all the forces in North Carolina. General Bragg was in command of Hoke's division and the other troops, which had assembled at Goldsboro, and which numbered about seven thousand.

AFFAIR AT KINSTON.

On the 6th of March, learning that Cox was approaching Kinston, Bragg applied to General Johnston for the few troops of the army of Tennessee, then under General D. H. Hill, that had arrived at Smithfield from Charlotte by railroad, and they, together with the remnant of Clayton's division—in all less than two thousand—were sent to him and he moved down towards Kinston, and on the 8th of March, near that place, attacked Cox's three divisions. Bragg's force was less than ten thousand ; Cox's was nearly or quite twice that number. Such was the vigor of the attack that the enemy were defeated and driven for three miles, losing fifteen hundred prisoners and three field pieces, besides a large number killed and wounded. Our loss was small. Cox intrenched at night at the point to which he had been driven, and the next morning, after skirmishing for a time, Bragg attempted to turn the enemy's intrenchments, but failed and was compelled to withdraw, with small loss and much disorder. He fell back to Goldsboro again, slowly followed by Cox, and was ordered with all his command to Smithfield, where General Johnston was concentrating his forces for the final strnggle.



KILPATRICK'S "GALLANTRY."

On the 10th of March, Sherman's army, which had started from Columbia towards Charlotte, but had changed direction and was moving on Fayetteville, had arrived within seven miles of the latter place.

Between the Catawba and the Cape Fear there had been six encounters between the Confederate cavalry under General Hampton and the Federal cavalry under Kilpatrick, in each of which the Confederates had the advantage. That which happened about daybreak of the 10th, when Hampton surprised Kilpatrick's camp, was, perhaps, the most important in results, as it was the most peculiar in some of its incidents. Hampton completely routed the enemy, drove them into a swamp, captured their artillery and wagons, and would have brought the latter away if some of his poorly mounted men in their eagerness to secure horses and mules as well as plunder had not carried off so many, that neither guns nor wagons could be saved. Hampton ordered their wheels to be cut to pieces, however, which made them useless to the enemy. He captured five hundred prisoners, some of whom he immediately released, as he was not making war on women, much less upon such as were guests of the commanding officer, and still less upon such as, not expecting company, had made no suitable arrangement of their toilet, but, following the lead of their host, had merely "wrapped the drapery of their couch" about them and sought the shelter of the adjacent swamp. He also released one hundred and seventy-three of our men, who were prisoners in the hands of the enemy.

On the 11th, at Fayetteville, a squadron of the enemy's cavalry dashed into town, but were routed by a handful of our cavalry led by General Hampton, who, it is said, killed two of them with his own hand.

SHERMAN'S VANDALISM.

At this point I am tempted to portray some of the atrocities perpetrated by General Sherman's army upon the defenceless non-combatant population of that part of North Carolina through which it was passing; but although they form a very essential part of any truthful historical narrative of that period, and ought to be pilloried to eternal infamy, the recital of them, even in the most condensed form, would require much more than the time allotted to me on this occasion. Soon after the war they were graphically depicted by a

gifted daughter of North Carolina in letters to the *New York Watchman*, and these were afterwards published in book form as a contribution to the history of the war.*

A more striking and apposite use of historical material was never made than when she contrasted the incidents of Cornwallis's march, eighty-four years before, through the same region, with those attending General Sherman's. With Cornwallis's own order book before her (which she describes as still in excellent preservation), and also the story of Sherman's march—as given by a member of his staff, and as described by ministers of the Gospel, ladies and prominent citizens—she draws the contrast.

"In the month of January, 1781," she says, "exactly eighty-four years before General Sherman's artillery trains woke the echoes through the heart of the Carolinas, it pleased God to direct the course of another invading army along much the same track; an army that had come three thousand miles to put down what was in truth a 'rebellion'; an army staunch in enthusiastic loyalty to the government for whose rights it was contending; an army also in pursuit of retreating 'rebels,' and panting to put the finishing blow to a hateful secession, and whose commander endeavored to arrive at his ends by strategical operations very much resembling those which in these latter days were crowned with success. Here the parallel ends. The country traversed then and now by invading armies was, eighty-four years ago, poor and wild and thinly settled. Instead of a single, grand, deliberate and triumphant march through a highly cultivated and undefended country, there had been many of the undulations of war in the fortunes of that army—now pursuing, now retreating—and finally, in the last hot chase of the flying (and yet triumphant) rebels from the southern to the northern border of North Carolina, that invading army, to add celerity to its movements, voluntarily and deliberately destroyed all its baggage and stores, the noble and accomplished commander-in-chief himself setting the example. The inhabitants of the country, thinly scattered and unincumbered with wealth, exhibited the most determined hostility to the invaders; so that if ever an invading army had good reason and excuse for ravaging and pillaging as it passed along, that army may surely be allowed it.

"What was the policy of its commander under such circumstances towards the people of Carolina?"

* "The Last Ninety Days of the War," by Mrs. C. P. Spencer.

Then she gives a number of extracts from Cornwallis's own book, such as the following :

"Lord Cornwallis is highly displeased that several small houses have been set on fire during the march—a disgrace to the army—and he will punish with the utmost severity any person or persons who shall be found guilty of so disgraceful an outrage."

* * * "Any officer who looks on with indifference, and does not do his utmost to prevent shameful marauding, will be considered in a more criminal light than the persons who commit these scandalous crimes, which must bring disgrace and ruin on His Majesty's service. All foraging parties will give receipts for the supplies taken by them," etc.

This, too, be it remembered, in a country where, as Stedman, the historian of Cornwallis's army, asserts : "So inveterate was the rancor of the inhabitants that the expresses for the commander-in-chief were frequently murdered, and the people, instead of remaining quietly at home to receive pay for the produce of their plantations, made it a practice to waylay the British foraging parties, fire their rifles from concealed places, and then fly to the woods."

Tarleton himself narrates the fact that a sergeant and private of his command were put to death under martial law for offenses committed against the inhabitants, and he adds that the execution of the sentence "exhibited to the army and manifested to the country the discipline and justice of the British General."

The writer, from whom I have been quoting, also calls attention to the fact that "Light Horse Harry" Lee in his Memoirs says he captured two of Tarleton's staff "who had been detained in settling for the subsistence of the detachment."

To turn from such a record as this, made one hundred years ago, to the utterances of General Sherman, official and unofficial, and to the acts of his officers and men, as described (and evidently witnessed) by members of his own staff, is enough to make an American citizen of to-day hang his head in shame. Before reaching North Carolina, and while yet in Georgia, this was his record, according to his own official report :

"We consumed the corn and fodder in the region of country thirty miles on either side of a line from Atlanta to Savannah; also the sweet potatoes, hogs, sheep and poultry, and carried off more than ten thousand horses and mules. I estimate the damage done to the State of Georgia at one hundred million dollars, at least twenty mil-

lion dollars of which inured to our advantage, and the remainder was simple waste and destruction!"

Sherman's army expected to find a strong Union sentiment in North Carolina, and were prepared to mitigate somewhat their previous atrocities when inside its borders; but soon discovering that they were laboring under a mistake, they acted as usual, robbing everybody, even the negroes, who naturally regarded them as their liberators and friends. They wantonly destroyed everything which they did not need, or could not carry away, and then burned many private residences, after stripping them naked, and after insulting and outraging their helpless inmates, and after hanging up in many instances, and murdering in others, old men who denied possessing money or other valuable property. And yet Major Nichols, Sherman's aid, says in his "Story of the Great March" that although Fayetteville had been an "offensively rebellious" town, private property there was protected to a degree which was remarkable, and that he was surprised that the soldiers did not make the citizens suffer in one way or another!

Just what the Major considered as amounting to suffering it would be interesting to know.

I shall dwell no longer on these acts of vandalism, except to say that they were continued as late as the month of May, after Johnston's surrender, and after Grant's proclamation of protection to private property, one of the most notorious instances of it being at the house of the most distinguished and venerable citizen of the State, ex-Chief Justice Ruffin, and under the very eye of a Major-General of the Federal army.

Of course the arsenal and other Confederate works at Fayetteville were destroyed, as was legitimate, although it was entirely unnecessary to waste so much valuable property, as it could never have been used against the United States. The enemy entered the town on the 11th March. Hampton covering, as usual, the retreat of our forces, burned the bridge over the Cape Fear, and Hardee fell back on the Raleigh road towards Averasboro', which seemed to be the route on which Sherman intended to advance, although, as will be seen, Goldsboro was really his objective point all the time.

BENTONSVILLE.

Sherman was personally in command of this column, which consisted of the Fourteenth and Twentieth corps, with Kilpatrick's

cavalry, in all about thirty-five thousand men. He started on the road to Raleigh, and when he had reached a point about four miles below Averasboro he found the gallant Hardee waiting to receive him with about six thousand men, most of whom, General Hardee said in his report, had never seen field service, and had been organized on the march.

The enemy repeatedly assaulted this little force, but were repulsed every time by the little band of heroes, who behaved with the steadiness of veterans. Indeed, their conduct was superb (for they were required to perform the trying duty of changing position under fire), and they were greatly cheered by the result, although their loss was about five hundred men.

This was on the 16th of March, 1865. That night, hearing that the enemy had crossed Black river below him, and apprehending a flank movement, Hardee withdrew to Elevation.

It was discovered on the 17th that this force of the enemy was not marching toward Raleigh, and General Hardee remained at Elevation to rest his men. At this time, that splendid North Carolina soldier, General Hoke, had his division of 4,775 men at Smithfield. General Stewart also had there 3,950 men of the army of Tennessee. About daybreak of the 18th, General Johnston, hearing that the enemy was marching toward Goldsboro by two roads—the right wing on the direct road from Fayetteville and the left wing on the Averasboro road, and that they were some distance apart, ordered Hardee from Elevation and the troops at Smithfield to concentrate at Bentonsville, so as to attack the head of the left column of the enemy. A mistake in the map as to distances delayed Hardee, but he got there the next morning (19th March) and General Johnston immediately moved to his position, which was on the eastern edge of an old plantation, lying north of the road and surrounded on three sides by a dense blackjack thicket. There was but one road through the thicket, which made it very difficult to deploy the troops. Hoke occupied the left of the line of battle, with two batteries, which were our only artillery, on his right and Stewart's command to the right of the artillery. By this time the enemy appeared and deployed, and immediately made a vigorous attack upon Hoke, which that veteran soldier met with his accustomed firmness and repulsed after a half hour of hard fighting. Hardee had now got into position on the right, and the enemy then assaulted Stewart, but was again repulsed. Then General Johnston ordered Hardee to charge with the right wing, followed successively

by the other brigades towards the left, each command facing obliquely to the left as it went in. They swept along in splendid style, over the last half of the distance at a double quick, without firing a gun, until they drove the enemy from their intrenchments back to their second line. Then they opened fire and charged again, General Hardee on the right dashing over the breastworks on horseback in front of his men. They drove the enemy into a dense pine thicket, where they made another stand, but they were still driven, until the impossibility of managing a movement in such a dense wood caused the Confederates to halt and gather up their dead and wounded, and after night-fall they resumed their first position, which they held. The troops were in fine spirits, as well they might be after such success against such odds.

It was in this fierce fight, which a veteran officer said he had never seen surpassed for its close and deadly musketry fire, that a portion of the garrisons at the mouth of the Cape Fear river, who had joined Hoke, so distinguished themselves and were so terribly cut to pieces. It was insinuated after the fall of Fort Fisher that if it had been defended by veteran infantry instead of the artillery garrisons it would not have been captured. Yet in this charge at Bentonville the "Red Infantry," as they were called, behaved with such conspicuous gallantry as to command universal admiration. Lieutenant-Colonel John D. Taylor led them and lost an arm. Every officer in the command, except two, and one hundred and fifty-two out of two-hundred and sixty-seven men in the First North Carolina battalion were either killed or wounded.

This very unexpected and lively performance caused Sherman to bring over his right wing from the Fayetteville road to the Averasboro road, and the next morning they were coming up rapidly in rear of Hoke's division. Hoke changed front to the left to meet it, Hampton and Wheeler prolonging his line to the left. About mid-day Sherman's whole force, about seventy thousand, was concentrated, and from that time until sunset made attack after attack upon Hoke's division, the last one, which was the severest, being made on Kirkland's brigade. Every one of these attacks failed, and the enemy were so effectually driven back that our infirmary corps brought in a number of their wounded who had been left on the field and carried them to our field hospitals. The enemy far overlapped our left, and a cavalry skirmish line was deployed to show a front equal to the enemy's. This was on the 20th.

On the 21st, the enemy early began a very spirited skirmish, and during the whole afternoon directed a heavy fire against our centre and left. A little after 4 o'clock the Seventeenth corps broke through the thin cavalry skirmish line on the left, and began pressing towards Bentonville in rear of our centre, and on the only route of retreat. And now a brilliant performance occurred. Hampton, with a small cavalry force, and Cumming's Georgia brigade, under Colonel Henderson, hurried to the left to head off the enemy, and met them just as they struck the road. At the same time General Hardee dashed up with a few (about seventy-five) of the Eighth Texas cavalry. Hardee ordered Henderson to charge the enemy in front, the Texans to charge their left flank, and Hampton charged the right flank, while Wheeler, a long distance off, charged their rear in flank. Despite their great numbers, the enemy gave way before these simultaneous and splendid attacks, and were defeated in a few moments and driven back. General Hardee's only son, a lad of sixteen, was in the Texas cavalry, and was killed in this charge. Meantime the fight continued along the rest of the line. There being no object now in holding his position, which the swollen stream in the rear made hazardous, General Johnston during the night crossed Mill Creek at Bentonville, and the next morning, after the rear guard had defeated every effort of the enemy to force the bridge, the army moved on and bivouacked near Smithfield, on the south side of the Neuse, that evening.

In the first day's fight we had fourteen thousand one hundred men, and the enemy about thirty five thousand, and on the second our numbers were about the same (having been slightly reinforced), while the enemy had seventy thousand. We captured four pieces of artillery the first day, and in the three days captured nine hundred and three prisoners. We lost in all two hundred and twenty-three killed, one thousand four hundred and sixty-seven wounded, and six hundred and fifty-three missing, but many of these returned. The enemy's killed and wounded were estimated to largely exceed four thousand.

FINAL OPERATIONS.

Schofield got to Goldsboro' on the 21st of March, Cox having previously arrived, and on the 23d Sherman's columns united with them at that place, and the whole vast army of over one hundred thousand men rested there for two weeks.

These two weeks witnessed the last convulsive agonies of our

struggle. It was two days after this junction of Sherman's forces at Goldsboro, that Gordon, under General Lee's orders, made the desperate and brilliant sortie upon Fort Steadman on the right of Grant's lines at Petersburg—which was followed by Grant's increased pressure on Lee's right, and that by Sheridan's victory at Fair Oaks, which forced the evacuation of Petersburg, the uncovering of the Confederate capitol, and the retreat of the remnant of that splendid army with the vain hope of uniting with Johnston's forces in North Carolina.

On the 9th of April, the very day of General Lee's surrender, the forces under General Johnston entered Raleigh on their retreat before Sherman, and the latter occupied the city on the 13th. The same day General Stoneman, who, on the 25th of March, had entered North Carolina from Tennessee with nine thousand cavalry, after making a detour into Virginia, re-entered the State, and passing through Winston and Mocksville, captured Salisbury. Three days before, one of his detachments, which had been sent to cut the railroad between Danville and Greensboro, only missed, by a few moments, capturing the Confederate President and Cabinet, who were then hurrying to Greensboro.

Stoneman found only about five hundred Confederates at Salisbury, and these, though they fought him gallantly, were soon brushed away.

The negotiations between Sherman and Johnston began on the 14th, but even then the kindly Lincoln, who had authorized Sherman to grant "any terms" to Johnston, had himself fallen by the hands of an assassin, and the last cruel blow to our hopes had been given. The surrender occurred on the 26th of April, 1865, and military operations in North Carolina ceased.

CONCLUSION.

Thus omitting many details, I have endeavored to present a "bird's eye view" of the military operations in that State during the last year of the war. In comparison with the great battles fought by the Army of Northern Virginia under its immortal leader, the events recited by me were of small proportions to be sure, but each of the three principal ones, Plymouth, Fort Fisher and Bentonville, in which a part of the Army of Northern Virginia participated, splendidly illustrated the qualities of that army and sustained its fame.

And now, comrades of the Virginia Division, permit me, in con-

cluding what I fear has been a wearisome address, to express to you my hearty thanks for your invitation to perform this duty. It is not the first time that Virginia gentlemen have conferred unexpected honors of this kind upon me, and the full measure of my appreciation thereof can best be understood by him who attaches the highest value to that name.

He is but a narrow-souled or a most ignorant American who does not hold the name Virginia in reverence. Whether he comes from the oldest settlement of New England, or the newest "clearing" in the youngest territory, if he knows aught of the history of his country, or feels the faintest spark of pride in contemplating the achievements which have made it great, the name of this grand old Commonwealth must always be associated in his thoughts with what is noblest and most venerable in our annals. If he follow the now broad and splendid track of American progress back for two centuries to where its first traces were blazed in the pathless forest, he will find at every step the evidences of her genius and her patriotism. Whether in the earliest struggles against arbitrary power, before the beginning of the eighteenth century, or at the genesis of material development on this continent, when Spotswood, "the Tubal Cain of Virginia," established the first iron furnaces in America, and colonized German vine-dressers on the Rapidan—or during the long colonial dawn—or in the century that has elapsed since one of her sons clothed himself with immortality as the founder of this republic—at all times she has been the nursery and home of greatness, both in deeds and men.

Who shall pronounce a fitting eulogy upon her, who not stand abashed before so great a theme?

The fame of more than one of her sons has filled the earth, and will live in the hearts of men when every material monument to their memory has perished. Will it diminish that fame to know that they, both of the earlier and later days, were called Rebels? When that structure, whose corner-stone was laid yesterday with the benisons of millions resting upon it, shall have crumbled into dust, and his chiefest opponent shall have passed into oblivion, the Christian virtues, the calm and fearless spirit, the unselfish patriotism, and the military genius of him to whom it is reared, will still be cherished as a priceless legacy by mankind.



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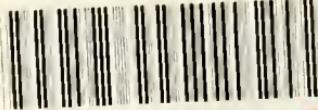
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Those who have heard these addresses will be glad to have them collected in a neat volume; and comrades of our grand old army who have been denied the privileges of mingling with us in our re-unions will rejoice to have in permanent form the eulogies pronounced by our gifted President and his accomplished subalterns on the life and character of our grand old chieftain; the thrilling story of the campaign from Rapidan to Petersburg, as graphically told by Colonel Venable, of Lee's staff; the strategic influence of Richmond on the campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia, as ably discussed by Colonel Charles Marshall, Lee's Military Secretary; the able and eloquent discussion of Gettysburg, by Major John W. Daniel, of General Early's staff; the story of the Siege of Petersburg, as told in the scholarly, eloquent and valuable address of Captain W. Gordon McCabe; the vivid pictures of "the South before and at the battle of the Wilderness," by Private Lee Robinson; the able, exhaustive and valuable historic paper on "Jackson's Valley Campaign," by Colonel William Allan, Chief of Ordnance of the Second corps; and the splendid sketch of Chancellorsville, by General Fitzhugh Lee. It is hoped also that the other matter will be found of interest and value.

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